Broken

Tyler E. Waskow*

*Iowa State University

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**Broken**

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The long walk from later year,
the new dear, alone with no one with which to hear.
It’s not the fault of the beer,
the artificial man’s beverage to which he swallows all of his fears.
In the empty dew of this, a new day a cow moos,
as a man moans, and groans,
On his own, because his love was manufactured,
and he does not know.
The fellow of you the men inside,
bipolar and dried, washed up and crying.
The problem of fate is when does it end,
who does it send, where lies a friend.
The day has been born once more,
and you lie upon the floor.
Whore.

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**Continental Drift**

Erica Eis

Christmas.
We’re sitting under the window
in our aunt’s house so of course
there is a draft.

We’re wearing matching holiday dresses:
Our moms made us.

The wrinkles peak and valley on an
evergreen fabric with pieces of snow.
Two mountains joined together.

We both have golden hair, shining
in the light from the window and flowing
languidly down our backs which rest against each other.
Like two rivers that flow down separate mountains
and meet to become one.

Your tongue is in your cheek.
Mine is sticking out
between my teeth.

White socks cover chilled toes,
offering warmth and comfort to your tiny feet.

Black and angular dress shoes with an inch heel and steep slopes
hide mine.

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**Tyler** is a freshman studying History from Waukee, Iowa. He came to Iowa State this year with his band so they could continue their collaboration and has recently started branching out from music into poetry.

**Erica** is a senior studying English and will be graduating in December, 2011. She is looking forward to reading and writing what she likes.